LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

Ad No. 1586—Req. No. 25727—2/3 page—B&W—4⅝ x 10 in.—{Leg / Printer / Scholastic}—March 18, 1963 (B)

Printed in U.S.A.

2061033371

On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis," etc.)

AMONG MY KINFOLK

My favorite cousin, Mandolin Glebe, a sweet, unspoiled country boy, has just started college. Today I got a letter from *him which I will reprint here because I* know Mandolin's problems are so much like your own. Mandolin writes:

Dear Mandolin (he thinks my name is Mandolin too).

I see by the college paper that you are writing a column for Marlboro Cigarettes. I think Marlboros are jim-dandy cigarettes with real nice tobacco and a ginger-peachy filter, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them.

It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I was walking across the campus, swinging my paper valise and singing traditional airs like *Blue Tail Fly* and *Death and Transfiguration*, when all of a sudden I ran into this here collegiate-*looking fellow with a mono*gram on his breast pocket. He asked me was I a freshman. I said yes. He asked me did I want to be a *BMOC and the envy of all* the *in* crowd. I said yes. He said the only way to make these keen things happen was to join a fraternity. Fortunately he happened to have a pledge card with him, so he pricked my thumb and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it is located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.

Meanwhile this fellow comes around every week to collect the dues, which are $100, plus a $10 fine for missing the weekly meeting, plus a $5 assessment to buy a headstone for Spot, the late, beloved beagle who was the fraternity *mascot.*

I have never regretted joining the fraternity, because it is my dearest wish to be a BMOC and the envy of all the in crowd, but you can see that it is not cheap. It wouldn't be so bad if I slept at the frat house, but you must agree that I can't sleep at the house if I don't know where the house is.

I have rented a room which is not only grotesquely expensive, but is not at all the kind of room I was looking for. I wanted someplace reasonably priced, clean, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the shopping district, and San Francisco and New York. What I found was a bedroom in the home of a local costermonger which is dingy, expensive, and uncomfortable—and I don't even get to use the bed till 7 a.m. when my landlord goes out to mong his *costers.*

Well anyhow, I got settled and the next thing I did, naturally, was to look for a girl. And I found her. Harriet, her name is, a beautiful creature standing just under *seven feet high and weighing 385 pounds.* I first spied her leaning against the statue of the Founder, dozing lightly. I talked to her for several hours without effect. Only when I mentioned dinner did she stir. Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a brawny arm, *seized my nape, and carried me to a chic French restaurant* called *Le Clipjoint* where she consumed, according to my calculations, her own

She carried me to a chic French restaurant

weight in chateaubriand.

After dinner she lapsed into a torpor from which I could not rouse her, no matter how I tried. I banged my glass with a fork, I pinched her great pendulous *jowls, I rubbed the legs of my corduroy* pants together. But nothing worked, and finally I slung her over my shoulder and carried her to the girls dorm, slipping several disks in the process.

Fortunately, medical care for students is provided free at the college infirmary. All I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, anaesthesia, forceps, hemostats, scalpels, catgut, linen, towels, amortization, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear cousin, it is lack of funds, not *lack of enthusiasm, that is keeping me* from Marlboro Cigarettes—dear, good Marlboros with their fine blend of choice tobaccos and their pure white Selectrate filter and their soft pack and their flip *top box.*

Well, I must close now. My pencil is wore out and I can't afford another. Keep 'em flying.

Yr. cousin Mandolin Glebe

© 1963 Max Shulman

* * *

The hearts of the makers of Marlboro go out to poor Mandolin—and to poor anyone else who is missing out on our fine cigarettes—available in all 50 of these United States.

2061033371

Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/[illegible]2004